

Awkward

by Trufreak89

Category: 100

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Anya, Clarke G., Lexa

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 23:58:31

Updated: 2016-04-12 23:58:31

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:03:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,834

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Lexa really hates it when her big sister sends her on errands; but sometimes it's not all bad. One-shot from the Tumblr prompt: "I was shopping for condoms for my sibling but I was rushing and I ran into you, therefore it began raining condoms"
AU

Awkward

"No, Anya! I'm already on my way home! I'm like a block away!" Lexa let out a heavy sigh, which was easily picked up by the Bluetooth ear-piece she was wearing. After a long day of school and work, Lexa was all ready to go home and climb in to bed. Her big sister, Anya, had other plans.

"Exactly, you're already driving! C'mon Lexy!" Anya whined down the other end of the line. "It's one stop, it'll only take five minutes!"

>"You know I hate buying those things!" Lexa huffed in reply, but Anya could hear the defeat in her voice. Despite her protests, Lexa would do just about anything for her sister.<p>

"Condoms." Anya cracked up. "You can say the word you know." The older sibling could imagine the look of disgust on her little sister's face. She knew Lexa was easily embarrassed by that kind of thing. Hell, she hadn't even been able to go the chemist and buy her own tampons until she was almost nineteen.

>"I hate you." Lexa grumbled back, though she was already turning in to park outside of an all-night pharmacy.
"No you don't." Anya sounded smug. "Hurry back, I'm going out soon!"

With that, she hung up. Leaving Lexa to carry on grumbling under her breath. "Love you too, Sis." She pushed the door open with more force than was strictly necessary, setting off a little silver bell. An elderly black lady smiled at her from behind the counter. She had the look of a wizened old grandma, and Lexa instantly felt a flood of

guilt. Awkwardly returning the smile, she quickly put her head down and shuffled off to find the prophylactics.

Things only went downhill from there. Lexa was stood in front of a large display of condoms, utterly clueless as to which ones to get. Being a lesbian, the college student had never really had to contemplate the conundrum of condoms. There were big ones, small ones, ribbed, flavored; there were even some that claimed to glow in the dark. Lexa picked a pack of those up, and began scrutinizing the box.

"Good choice." Lexa almost dropped them as a voice sounded from the other end of the small aisle. A blond girl was offering her a knowing smile, and Lexa felt her cheeks instantly reddening. She had never been known for his social skills, or handling her embarrassment very well, so Lexa ended up scowling back at the girl. The blond shrugged. Seeming to take the hint, she went back to reading the magazine she'd picked up from the rack.

Lexa replaced the box of luminous condoms on the shelf and pulled out her phone. Already mortified enough, she chose against calling her sister and sent her a quick text instead, 'What kind?'. Anya always had her phone on her. She was a stickler for texting back promptly; except for that night apparently.

Lexa was left standing in front of the - surprisingly large - display of condoms and lubes, gawking at the various brands like a fish out of water. To make matters worse, the woman behind the counter had started to glance at her in the security mirrors mounted to the wall, and the blond kept slipping her sly looks. Feeling her embarrassment growing with each passing second, she finally threw in the towel and just picked up a random selection of sizes, flavors and thickness.

Anya would probably end up making some sort of joke about just how much sex Lexa thought she got, but her sister's lame jokes were bearable in comparison to being stared at by strangers. Lexa huddled the boxes and packets against her chest and put her head down again as she made for the counter. She'd barely gone ten steps when she knocked in to someone; the blond who had been standing at the magazine rack.

Lexa had been in such a rush, and had been carrying so much, that her intended purchases went flying everywhere. Condoms began raining down around her and the highly amused blond. Lex's blush deepened as she stammered, "They're not for me! I don'tâ€¦ I don't use them! I mean, I don't go around having unprotected sex. Not with men. I'M GAY!"

>"No kidding." The blond chuckled, undeterred by Lexa's little outburst. She was grinning as she brushed a stray curl back behind her ear, and then dropped to her knees to help the other girl to gather up the fallen condoms.<p>

"You don't have toâ€¦" Lexa started, but the other girl was hearing none of it. She helped her gather up her things and then helped her back up to her feet, her hand lingering on the small of Lexa's back. She didn't seem in any particular hurry to leave.

"So who are they all for? The johnnies?"

>"M-my sister." Lexa's heart was still hammering in her chest. It

probably had a lot to do with the crystal blue eyes staring intently back at her. "I was just on my way home and she called and asked me to pick her someâ€¦ of these, up."<p>

"No offense, but does your sister usually go through over a hundred condoms in an night?" The girl's lips curled up in a crooked smile, revealing two rows of perfect teeth.

>"Uhâ€¦ no. No I don't think so." Lexa just wanted the floor to open up and swallow her. "I guess I panicked. She didn't say which ones to get and I had no idea there was so many typesâ€¦"<p>

"Here, get these. They're about average size, and they've got a pretty decent track record of stopping unwanted pregnancies and disease." The girl picked up a generic pack of twelve and held them out to Lexa. "I'm Clarke, by the way."

"Lexa. Thanks, Clarke." Lexa found herself smiling despite herself. The other girl was really cute. Though more than likely straight, if her vast knowledge of condoms was anything to go by. "You seem like an expert at this." It was the wrong choice of words. Lexa knew it the second they left her mouth, and Clarke's brow shot up.

"Fuck. Sorry! I didn't mean it like thatâ€¦ I-" She started babbling, feeling even more like an idiot than she had when she'd knocked in to the other girl with an armful of condoms.

>"Relax, Lexa. I know what you meant. And, yes, I do sometimes use them." Clarke shot her a suggestive look, which almost went right over Lexa's head; until the blond shot her a wink. "Has anyone ever told you you're cute when you're flustered?"<p>

"Not while choosing condoms, no." Lexa answered in her usual dry wit. Anya told her off for it all the time. Most girls just didn't get her sense of humor. Clarke, however, wasn't one of them.

>"There's a first time for everything, I suppose." She laughed, as Lexa busied herself putting back the items she didn't intend to buy; her mild OCD ensuring all of the boxes were lined up neatly and facing forward again. "Are you going to buy those?" Clarke questioned, nodding towards the box she was still holding.<p>

"What? Oh, yeah." Lexa was flustered again as she glanced down at the condoms in her hand, and then over at the cashier. "Just working up the courage."

>"You don't seem the type to be scared by much." Clarke gave her a flirtatious once over. Lexa was wearing her uniform for the gym she worked at part time. A fitted polo shirt ensured that her well toned - and tattooed - arms were on display.<p>

"Just condoms... and pretty girls." Lexa blushed. She really hoped she was reading things right but, if she wasn't mistaken, then Clarke was definitely flirting with her.

>"Aw, don't worry, Lex. I don't bite." Clarke shot her another wink as she snatched the box out of her hands and headed for the till.<p>

"Wait!" Lexa tried to stop her, but Clarke was at the counter before she could stop her. The kindly old lady was ringing the condoms through by the time Lexa caught up to the blond.

>"That'll be \$8.75, Sweetie."
"Thanks." Clarke pulled out a ten from her purse and handed it over, while Lexa just stood there with her hands shoved in to her board-shorts and an awkward look on her

face.

"It's good to see you girls are being smart. Boys these days don't think about these things! No siree they don't! You girls got to be safe these days. All them diseases! You want my advice, you want to stay away from those one-eyed snakes altogether!" The old woman really did sound like Lexa's grandmother.

She wanted to turn right around and walk out of the shop - Anya and her sex life be damned - but Clarke took hold of her hand. With the pad of her thumb running lightly over the back of Lexa's hand, Clarke shot the woman a warm smile, "Don't worry about us Ma'am." Lexa was torn between running and pushing the stranger up against the counter and kissing her senseless. She settled for just standing there dumbstruck.

Seemingly uncertain at first, the cashier eventually nodded and returned Clarke's smile as she handed over her change. "Well good for you! My granddaughter is one of those lesbians. I don't mind her having a girlfriend, I just wish she wouldn't have such a silly haircut!"

Lexa and Clarke were choking back laughter as they left hand in hand. Clarke dropped the other girl's hand once they were outside, and proceeded to bend over laughing. "Oh my god, your face! You looked like you wanted to curl in to a ball and die!"
>"She was old! And wearing a crucifix! I thought she was going to start lecturing us, or kick us out!" Lexa protested, her cheeks still burning.<p>

"And we couldn't have that now, could we?" Clarke teased, her giggling finally dying down. It was amazing how quickly the girl could go from dorky to seductive. "Your poor sister wouldn't get her condoms; and at least someone should be getting laid tonight."

"Uhâ€|" That was smooth as fuck. There was no denying it. From the coy words, to the suggestive little smile the blond was wearing, her meaning couldn't be any more plain.
>"I know you said you're not the type to have unprotected sex with men, but how about hooking up with girls you meet in late night pharmacies?"<p>

Feeling an unusual rush of courage, and maybe more than a little adrenaline, Lexa threw Clarke's earlier words right back at her. "There's a first time for everything."

End
file.